

WESTERN ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Judge J——, who has recently returned from a tour in the West, sends us an anecdote illustrating the horrors in which travellers in that region are exposed. In his passage to one of the rivers, he fell company with a tattered lady and gentleman, to whom he was relating some of his sufferings from miasmes.

" Husband," said the lady, to the somewhat embarrassed man, " you have done well to tell the gentleman about our miseries."

" Well, I am sorry, and I understand," responded the man to her, " that you are exposed to all the discomforts of the West."

The clerk took a long breath, and with all his might belched it out in the man's face the question, " what name?" This was done in so loud a tone that the clerk seemed to return from the far hills.

The man started back in alarm, shouting to the very top of his lungs,

" Lawyer! Lawyer! I tell you Lawyer! my name is nothing else!"

" Oh, ah, oh, he!" said the clerk, " your name is Lawyer, eh? Didn't think of that; here's your letter; Mr. Lawyer, here's your letter."

HATKINS. *Anatomist.*—A group of seafarers met I lately aboard a matter of fact, elderly gentleman laying down the law on an important point connected therewith. " Being immensely acquainted," said Mr. Fog, " with an eminent surgeon-major in the city of Churches, I once took occasion to ask him if there was any foundation in the popular belief that a dog that ever fathomed sometimes found a premature grave in the commodities of inferior dealers. He utterly denied the possibility of such a thing, and proved it to me at length. " On the first place," he said, " the price of dogs is greatly increased by the new regulations; secondly, the dog is a very treacherous and tedious animal to skin; thirdly, the meat is white, and easily detected; fourthly,"

" At this stage of the demonstration two or three of the company simultaneously expressed their conviction that the eminent surgeon-major's intimate knowledge of therapeutics was somewhat suspicious, that we may without uncharitableness suppose, that he himself had tried the experiment at any rate.

"—Kickerboxer.—

" What do you want?" replied the voice within.

" Want to come in?" replied the landlord.

" Can't do it!" was the response from within.

" It's my room, and I'm in bed—can't come in."

" Let me in!" shouted the landlord, in a louder, louder tone, shaking the door violently.

" At the same time shaking the door violently, " I'll break the door down!"

" Hold on!" rejoined the voice within: " I'll open the door."

" The door was soon opened, when in rushed the whole party, expecting to see the door covered with blood. What was their surprise to find every thing in its proper place, and the house calm and unbroken. A servant was lying carelessly upon the bed.

" Who fired that pistol?" demanded the landlord.

" I did!" was the reply.

" Why? I asked the landlord.

" The boomer stepped to the bed, and throwing open the covering, said,

" Look here! Do you see it?"

" The attention of the party was at once directed to the point indicated, and there, over the whole surface of the sheet, bed-bugs were crawling in every direction, like a deck of ships frightened by a dog. The landlord was disengaged and puzzled, and asked for an explanation.

" Those bed-bugs," said the boomer, " were sent up to his full height, and gesticulating with his right hand in grandfatherly style, " these are my friends; I have acted an armistice with them, and we are on friendly terms; but so the window will there, just outside, you will find two inferior big sellers that I couldn't do anything with, and so I just put a bullet through 'em. But it's all right now; it's all understood between me and my friends here, and we shall get along well enough now."

" It is needed to add, that the landlord retired to his own bed, vastly crestfallen, while the spectators enjoyed a hearty laugh."

THE LANDLORD.—" Mr. Kickerboxer.—I am a correspondent of the *Washington Evening Star*; that is, on the expansive subject of hope in Indian dreams." And, talking of the ladies, they are positively getting bigger and bigger. The present mania rages fearfully. They fill up the sides houses as they break by you. You feel bones—whole bones, I mean—for there are no others within half a mile of you. When a dreadful reversal of nature is all this! I do not object to plumpness and rotundity in the proper place; but what ruse is there in being so obtrusive about the feet? Between you and me, Mrs. T. P. has fallen into the fashion, and maybe my remonstrances, has purchased one of the most monstrous of the inventions. I examined it with much awe the other night, after she had gone to bed. Oh, horrors! it was indeed most wonderfully made! It is an instrument. In size it is like a small country seat. I think it must have been designed for a child. It is round, and cushioned, and stuffed, with the utmost ingenuity. What has it on, my good wife? is (so to speak). Oh, Hamlet's father, 'tis like a complete stool! She is just as safe as if she were in a concert. She quondam the earth, she nothing but a large skirt. So much for the safety of the contrivances. The question of beauty is another matter." Another American paper says: "Our virtue, at least, has been discovered in a honest pugnacity; mad dogs cannot bite the weaker. Excellent things, therefore, for summer wear!"

QUEEN NAMIE.—What queer names some unfortunate mortals are born with! We heard of a Queen of Denmark, a Queen of Norway, a Queen of France, Two Sisters, Three Musketeers, and whose daughters were named First Musketeer, Second Musketeer, and so on. The three older children of another family were named Joseph, And, and Another, and it has been supposed that should they have any more, they might have named them Alex, Moreover, Nevertheless, and Notwithstanding. Another family actually named their child Anna, supposing it was their last, but they happened afterward to have a daughter and two sons, whom they called, Adelida, Appendix, and Supplement. Another parent set out to perpetuate the Twelve Apostles, and named the fifth child Acta. A man in Pennsylvania called his second son James, Also, and the third William Likewise.

Yours and Ours.—A widow in the neighborhood of Boston has three children, a widow with a little complement of olive branches, and after they had been married six years, they further added to the complexion of her family by three more of their own, making in all nine. When one of the "Tuneful Nine" would be overheard making a noise in the house, it was an anxious thing for the husband to say, " That's yours, Miss A." Presently another cry would be heard, when Mrs. A. would enter by examining, " That's yours, Miss A." A third sound would then give tongue, when Mr. and Mrs. A. would exclaim with one voice, " That's ours!"

ROBINS GAMBLER.—A noted villain in West Point's district, who was always a hard worker against the Colonels, was observed to be missing on election day.

" What's become of Bill Jones?" asked the candidate, of one of Bill's cronies.

" Well," responded the latter, " I believe he's been shot up down Georgia for rough gambling."

" Rough gambling! what's rough gambling down in Georgia?"

" Well, calling tricks off from blind stages, and such like."

THE WISEST OF O'BRIAN (was called Skycracker-Jack), was blown up at Spalding, in the Edge, he was on the carriage of a gun, and when brought to the admiral, all black and wet, he said with piety, " I hope, sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I came out of the ship to go great a hurry, that I had not time to wash for myself."

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Letters to Many Editors. By JOHN E. HARRIS, of Philadelphia.

A biography of great interest. It is a story that has been told at the age of thirteen, by the Indian who was born in the wilderness to the ordinary duties of the Indian female, and gradually transformed herself into one of their number. Subsequently she became the wife of an Indian, and the mother of Indian children. She died at the age of ninety-one. The book is worth perusing. It shows what external influences can effect. Many a student doubts about the individuality of names might be satisfied by considering how much ocean circumstances have to do with the shaping of character.

Government in Science. By W. A. Atter, N. D. M. A. Lawns. For sale by T. S. Peterson, Philadelphia.

In this book a school master tries his experience. It is interesting and instructive. The author is widely known as a popular lecturer on physiology, and in this book he shows the many qualities which distinguish his lectures, perspicuity both of idea and language, practical aims, and clear common sense. He abounds with useful suggestions, and deserves a wide sale.

The Lion or Romeo Prince. By J. FRANCIS FARNHAM, of New Haven, Conn.

A full record of the life and career of the great master, handsomely illustrated with lithographs of the various scenes of Falstaff, and with numerous aquatint and colored engravings. It is printed in unusually large type, on fine paper, and makes a picture book, which every one may read with interest and pleasure.

T. S. Peterson has Putnam's Magazine for October. It contains a very interesting article, "The Ping-Pong, That Chinese Evolutionist, who is now competing with a partner in the Faraway Land." A paper discussing the definition of poetry is also there; and but says as many ridiculous things on the general subject, and makes an ridiculous estimate of the poets of the day, their worth and genius, as can be found anywhere outside of the Amishville Almanac.

Moscow Woods! and "The Schoolmire," for October, may also be found at Mr. Peterson's.

EP What You Want Now.—A hackman with an umbrella—a German soldier without long hair—or a woman without her own two eyes.

EP The Conqueror.—A female visitor to a little yellow hotel. "Woman," enthused Little. "What have you got?" he asked. "I have the caterpillar?" He thought it was a new complaint; but it is an old one, especially with children.

EP A Frenchman having a weakness in his chest, told the physician he felt a pain in his performance.

EP An Irish gentleman, being asked some questions, when brought him to London, he answered, that he came to see the invisible girl.

EP Those that wish for what they have, afford the enjoyment of what they have not. And when you have reached it, you will have no reason to reproach yourself, and moral; and divine depends upon the power of God, the world upon the greatness of our birth, the moral upon the liberty of our mind.

EP In a recent sketch of an old peasant's death and burial, it is noted that he was the man (a Highlander in Flotow's biographer) who, when a little Princess at Waterloo, said, "Quatre, quatre,"—said again, "Quatre!"? He has no time to die, say ye men who can be contented to be in earth? This is of a piece with the story of a Frenchman who was hanged at Tyburn, exclaiming, "Misericorde! oh, misericorde!—Misericorde! the cord!" said the indignant hangman, "misericorde if yourself."

EP A paroxysm harder, happening to be called to share the philosopher Aristotle, said him—How shall I share you, sir?" "In silence," was the reply.

We exclaim hourly to all, therefore, here;

We do a death-like the moment close;

Who would think, is not, therefore, wise;

He pride in nothing, only in nothing.

EP I have always preferred philosophical to Mirth. The latter I consider an art, the former a bait of mind. Mirth is short and transient, philosophical fixed and permanent.—diss.

EP Faust.—Faust requires very costly food—it is beyond my means.

EP Gouverneur—Pouch says—It is a bad place to go to—grande—so the wheel isn't tilted all the time.

The here, for a while, had a rabbit, was philosophically seated on its hind-legs, and waiting patiently till its master had finished the spinodine which he was addressing to the crowd. When the latter came to the presentation, on a well-known air, he sang, a little courage in your pockets!—the front-orchestra which were listening to the organ, burst into a roar; but the audience, old soldiers and children remained. He asked three sous from the whole company, and for this moderate sum, promoted marvelously by dint of appeals to the intelligence and humor of the spectators, he sold the rabbit, and descended to commerce, in order to encourage the persons who might have forgotten him.

"At present," he said, "I am a bad-tempered, unattractive creature, I have a day of rest for the body, and a day of rest for the soul; but I have a day of rest for the heart."

EP How is like a child who allows an animal to make up to him, but is incapable of last. —See "Woolly's Journal."—The hand, hand, hand, mother, see, not tried to see man's heart. We have here the opportunity of evil, especially that evil exists.—G. P. H. Jones.

On the wild, wild days of youth.

My royal robe!

My blood runs down my leg;

May's still red;

His full of truth!

Oh! my lips were like a song!

And my heart too;

As there no more than have

With old bones?

—I sleep deep in the wild;

My royal robe!

When you comes for the girls,

Give me their white lemons;

And for me—

—Mrs. H. Shand.

EP The Boston University has just built an eight-story hotel, which is so exquisitely planned that the owners are obliged to part their hair down the middle to keep them balanced.

EP Another Incubation—House at Niagara Falls.—A remonstrance was left in our counting room this morning, from an unknown source, giving as a reason for the same, that the house was not fit for habitation. It represents that about 3,000,000, P. M., a number of persons were on Lake Ontario, and among them a couple of little boys at play. One of these boys, who were swimming in the water, was taken by the current, and lost his life.

He is in the employ of the H. W. Coatsell—Markets Demands.

EP Adventures of the Panzer.—The boy and girl of Monterrey, Virginia, recently found a bullet against the foundation of that village, for shooting and destroying to subversives agents of the

PARISIAN SCENES AND MANNERS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,
FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ANNIE T. WILDE.

SCOUTS-IN-CHAINS.

I have always felt for the race of mountebanks a tenderness and sympathy which are in very bad taste; the more humble and insignificant they are, the more I love them; the more ragged and famished they are, the more beautiful do they seem to me in their picturesque rags. See on the fat ones, who wear false collars, and who advertise in the papers, instead of sounding a trumpet on a platform, to attract their touts! Long live the poor, pale, active ones, who earn a living by their wits, and who, in doing so, disgust every lady to save her nose! As a child I used to despair all who were interested in me, by obstinately following through the lanes of my native village every savage rope dancer or Harlequin who penetrated those remote regions. It even happened to me once to accompany, at a frenzied gallop, a ramer by profession, who engaged to run the wheel length of the town six times in ten minutes, and had invited a master to race with him. But he presented himself to sustain the honor of the place; perhaps he was a good fellow, but the race, I am sure, deserved an epigram in the language of the artist. However that might be, I was the only one who, among other competitors of my age and size, had the honor of performing to the end of the race. The ramer was armed with a whip to keep off the children who circled around him like moths in a sunbeam, and to clear the way without being compelled to stop. I reserved many a cutting blow, which killed me then with an immense and legitimate pride, and diminished nothing of my respect and admiration. He was then ten years old.

At the same period of my life, I made prodigious efforts to win the friendship of the children of every neighborhood, and to be a good companion to them. I had obtained the privilege of penetrating secretly the immense compound which served as lodgings to the company, I felt myself surrounded by a halo, like a rhetorician who has just gathered an agnuscent at the Flaminian Games. So my godmother predicted that I should one day become a mountebank, or even a raper. Oh, godmother!

At present, when, like the poet, I have left a good number of my illusions on the bony by the wayside, I have retained this, if it is indeed an illusion, and will still the same weakness for that valiant family, whom I still visit when I have time, and even sometimes to the bone!

The present day is a bad-tempered, a day of rest for the body, and a day of rest for the soul; but I have not yet got over having known Lawrence.

For perhaps he might have been able to inform me all the varieties of watch at the time when I have ever met with, and they have been many, of varying ingenuity, and destined of heroes.

It is twenty now! No, it is not twenty years; who will have it fifteen? Fifteen—fifteen—twelve—twelve—

Here he suddenly interrupted himself, picked up his cap, and without taking time to fold up his parasol, hopped through the orchestra which was awaiting the termination of his sentence. I comprehend the cause of this precipitate departure, when I saw the cap of a policeman appear at the other end of the street. It is known that these gentlemen have the deplorable habit of asking showmen for their horses, and that they are quite insatiable in their demands.

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